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Mr. Stephens' Retort.

On a certain occasion, while party lines were closely drawn, and political feelings were running high, Mr. Stephens was on the stump for Congress, battling with a Mr. H., of Greenough. Stephens was a Henry Clay man and a Whig. What hope had he that he could carry that old Democratic stronghold? Yet he battled away. And it was an old and enterprising sight to see the two contestants on the stand together—Stephens, five feet four inches high, weighing ninety-six pounds; Mr. H., six feet, two inches high weighing two hundred and forty pounds.

They were in the strongest part of the Democratic camp, and here the Major indulged in bits of pleasantry which he knew would be relished by his old constituency. Solid argument could not have been much use there. Yet Stephens managed to get him heated, whereupon the gigantic Major turned to his pugnacious antagonist, and with considerable of a flourish, said:

"Why, you little wisp, I could batton those big ears of yours back and swallow you whole."

But before the multitude had time to laugh at the coarse, rude remark, Stephens retorted:

"If you did that thing, sir, you would have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head."

The untutored eloquence of those distinctive words could not be appreciated as a good thing. Stephens was elected to Congress by over three thousand majority in a district which had never before favored one of his political stripe.

A woman with an eventful history is one of the parties to a divorce suit at San Francisco—Mrs. Juanita de C. Stender, a quiet, middle-aged music teacher. She was during the war a Confederate spy, and in the course of her wanderings met and married Gen. Hugh J. Campbell, now District Attorney at Dakota. In 1870 he obtained at New Orleans a divorce from her on the grounds of adultery and intemperance, obtaining also the custody of their two children. She stole them and ran away to Europe, where she married an artist named Herman Stender, with whom she went to Cincinnati, where both were employed by the government. They quarreled, and he had her discharged from her position. Reaching San Francisco with only \$10 in her possession, she managed to support herself and the child until afterwards he came to her till her husband came to the same city and opened a studio. Then she sued him for maintenance, and he responded—or some one else—by taking in succession the three children from her, and placing them in different institutions, whence she is striving to obtain them by writs of habeas corpus, with, thus far, the fortunes of law against her.

It is hard to speak of a woman as a "divorcee," or even a state in which a man may be dissolved. The following is somewhat detrimental to this theory: A lady had lost her husband, but she had left off her mourning and went to parties. Being asked by one of those gentlemen who attend soirees as mediocrity who she would like to see in spirit, and having replied, "My poor James," the departed suddenly rose out of the centre of the carpet, as it were, and stood before the whole company.

"Oh! James, tell me are you happy?"

"Very."

"Are you happier now than when on earth?"

"Much happier."

"Then, James, you must be in heaven."

"No; I'm in hell." [New York Herald.]

The wonderful Temperance reformation that is sweeping over many of the towns and villages of the land is making itself apparent not only in the rescue of numbers of the victims of drink, but in the depopulation of the jails. In some places the criminal courts are almost without occupation. This is alarming to the keepers of grangeries, and all vendors of fire-water, but it is encouraging to the friends of law and order and morality and religion.—[N. Y. Observer.]

A young lady teacher in a Sunday school in this city recently caught a boy sniffling. She asked:

"What are you sniffling at?"

"Nothing, mum," was the answer. "I know better," said the teacher, severely; "now tell me what it is?"

Johnny looked frightened and mutely said:

"I—I see your newspaper sticking out, mum."

The teacher at once suddenly and arranged things.

Was after Twenty Years' Waiting.

A gentleman from Waxahachie, now visiting in our city, informs us that considerable excitement was created in the social circle of his town last Wednesday, the 12th inst., by the marriage of Mr. Nicholas Sims, a wealthy farmer of Ellis county, aged seventy, to Mrs. Dunlap, an esteemed lady of Waxahachie, of some sixty summers. In the State of Tennessee they had, in the early days of childhood, lived together—in youth they had loved each other with all the fervor of the heart's passion, and when grown, rumor says, plighted their faith, but the pledge was broken, and the lovers separated. The lover married another, whose death he mourned several years ago. The lady twice bowed at the altar, and twice has wept over the grave of a departed husband. After forty years they met in this distant State, and though his love had lost its youthful pride and vigor, and her nice rosy cheek and sparkling eye have somewhat faded, the love of former days was aroused from its slumber, and at the residence of Dr. Sweet, the bride's son-in-law, in the presence of a few old friends, the broken pledge was fulfilled. Such a remarkable renewal of earthly attachment is seldom found, and challenges even fiction for an equal. Time, we learn, has dealt kindly with the couple, and they look as though they may yet enjoy many days of wedded bliss.—[Dallas (Texas) Commercial.]

Persistence a Great Power.

A lady hired an old woman, says the Denver (Col.) News, named Charlotte, who had the most exalted opinion of her own individuality. Whenever a subject was under discussion in the family, Charlotte would be sure to state her own superior method of proceeding in such matters. On one occasion the lady was talking of sending the children to school, when Charlotte put in her word as usual:

"Lord! missus," she said, "what neck you pay money for to send the child to school? I got one smart boy named Johns, but I learn him myself."

"But, Aunt Charlotte," replied the lady, "how can you teach your child when you don't know one letter from another?"

"How I teach him? I just neck him tek de book an' set down on de do' and den I say, 'Johns, you tek ye eye from dat book, much less leggo him, an' I kin you alive!'"

The destiny of old shoes—Many people wonder what is done with the old boots and shoes some itinerant are at so much trouble to collect. They are cut up into small pieces, which pieces are put for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather very hard and brittle. After this is effected, the material is washed with water, dried, ground to powder, and mixed with some substance which makes the particles adhere together, as shellac, good glue, or thick solution of gum. It is then pressed into molds, and shaped into combs, buttons, knife handles, and many other articles.

How to Burn Lime in Heaps—Lime, where there is no kiln, may be burned in heaps, laid upon a foundation of dry wood, and made in alternate layers of wood and limestone. A heap is covered with sods, or of coarse hay and earth, as charcoal pits are, and buried in precisely the same manner, except that the fire is made to burn briskly instead of smoldering; the time is completely burned in three days. Lime may be spread upon the land to advantage in the Spring.—[American Agriculturist.]

The inquiry often comes, "Where did the Murphys get the idea of pinning on a blue ribbon?" In the book of Numbers, 15th chapter and 28th verse, we can find the idea: "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make their fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringes of the borders a ribbon of blue."

A sympathetic but inquisitive young man, who was visiting a country prison, gently asked a girl prisoner the cause of her being in such a place. "Oh," said she, with a contemptuous tone of her head, "I stole a watermill, and got off safe, but, like a fool, I went back after the stream that turned it, and was arrested." The sympathetic young man left immediately.

When a boy does something funny and you laugh at it, he will invariably keep doing it twenty or thirty times more till you have to knock him down with something.

The sweet singer of Michigan was smart enough for the Chicago interviewer. "You were the oldest of the family, were you not?" "No, of course not," replied the poetess; "my father and mother were both older than me."

You need not tell all the truth unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth.—[Horace Mann.]

A Sad Story.

A Parisian couple had been married three months, and were very happy. One evening they were invited to a wedding, and while at supper with the bride and groom the husband and wife quarreled with his father-in-law over some money matters. They returned to their home about midnight. The lady bitterly reproved her husband for having quarreled with her father, and the husband replied in a passion, "If you prefer your parents to me, you had better go and live with them," on which she expressed her intention to go to her father's house. She opened the door, and as she was in her evening dress, he placed his overcoat over her shoulders to prevent her catching cold. On the following morning he sent a change of clothing to his wife; but on the servant arriving at the house of the parents, it was discovered that nothing had been sent there of the young wife. Monsieur was immediately filled with alarm. All her friends were visited, but in vain; no trace of her could be found. At length they resolved to go to the morgue, and on entering that sinister-looking building, the remorseful husband saw the body of his beautiful young wife exposed on one of the marble slabs. She had been picked up by one of the dredging lasses of the Seine. The poor creature was only twenty-two years of age.

DIOGENES IN TEXAS.—Not long since a party of visitors inspected the Poor-house. Among the inmates was a venerable-looking old man, whose face indicated perfect happiness. He seemed to be perfectly contented.

Said one of the visitors, "You seem to be satisfied with your lot?"

"I am," he replied. "I have a source of consolation that is denied to most men."

"Ah!" said the visitor, "you look forward to a blissful future beyond the grave."

"Yes," responded the old man, "but I also find much comfort in the proverb that says one man's loss is another man's gain. It makes me happy to think that I never lost enough to do the fellow that found it much good."—[San Antonio Express.]

Who Made It?—Sir Isaac Newton, a very wise and godly man, was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked:

"Who made it?"

"Nobody," said Sir Isaac; "it happened."

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

"Is he a good horse to go? 'Thee would be pleased to see him go,' said the conscientious Quaker. A hargain was struck, and a bulky horse clanked owners. His purchaser, in high dudgeon, went back upon the Quaker. He defined his position: 'I have not lied to thee, friend. I told thee, he could be pleased to see him go. Now couldn't thee be pleased to see him go?'"

A Saco (Me.) jurymen in the trial of a criminal case before the Circuit Court recently grabbed his hat and started for the door when the prisoner entered a plea of "not guilty." The judge called him back, and informed him that he couldn't leave until the case was tried. "Tried!" queried the juror, "why, hecknoed he'd that he is not guilty."

Thirty-odd years ago a child was born in a Welsh parsonage. A few days ago the parsonage, since the hero of many strange adventures and vicissitudes, died with the Prince of Wales and received an ovation from the Royal Geographical Society. Was there ever any wider resonance than the life of Stanley?

A curious candle used in Alaska is a fish eight inches long, almost transparent, and very fat, the fat being pure white and very sweet. The Indians dry this fish, then light it at the tail, and it burns with a clear, sparkling flame, which the wind will not extinguish.

It is told of an absent-minded professor at Leipzig that on one occasion, after watching the pulsations of a frog's heart, he threw away the watch he held in his left hand, and put the frog in his pocket, not discovering the error until asked for the time of day.

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The Small Boy and the Boy.

According to the scientific authorities, the small boy becomes a boy at the age of sixteen. At that age he ought to put away small-boyish things and put on the bashful awkwardness of semi-intelligent boyhood. At all events, he ought to know that his presence is not desired by young men who come to see his sister. We do not expect this amount of intelligence in the small boy, and it is often necessary to bribe him with candy or to persuade him with dolls before he will consent to treat his sister with common humanity. But the 16-year old boy usually perceives when an area of courtship—accompanied with gradually increasing pressure in the region of the waist, and marked depression of the parlor gas, is about to set in, and thereupon discreetly, even if socringly, withdraws.

A maker of tombstones in Suffolk, lately received a call from a countryman who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After looking around some time, and making stumpy remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally pitched upon one which the stone-cutter had prepared for another person. "I like this one," said he. "But," said the other, "that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. Perry's name on it; it wouldn't do for your mother." "Oh, yes it would," said the countryman. "She couldn't read! And, besides," he continued, as he observed the wonderment of the stone-cutter, "Perry was always a favorite name of hers!"

A mother once beautifully said: "I remember the new and strange emotions which trembled in my breast when, as an infant, my first-born was folded to my heart. The thrill of that moment still flutters; but when he was 'born again,' clasped in my arms a new creature in Christ Jesus, my spiritual child, my son in the gospel—pardoned, justified, saved forever—said: 'Oh! it was the very depth of joy—joy unspeakable! My child was a child of God! The prayers which preceded his birth, which wrangled his infancy, which gilded his youth, were answered.'"

A Granger stood at the corner of Greenfield's Main Street, yesterday, curiously watching the peasant man as he methodically turned the crank of his mouster. After expectantly waiting until patience ceased to be a virtue, the unsophisticated tiller of the soil declared out: "Hallo! you feller, why don't you play suttin'?"—[Turners Falls Reporter.]

A Minneapolis boy was sent by his teacher, a woman, to the superintendent to be whipped. The lad inspected the contents of the note and hired a boy he met on the road to deliver it, giving him ten cents. The superintendent didn't discover his mistake until he had whipped the boy.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—Latest accounts give the population of the world at 2,350,000; America, 72,800,000; Europe, 587,000,000; Asia, 789,000,000; Africa, 188,000,000; Australia and Polynesia, 6,300,000.

The manufacturers of oleomargarine could find their article more saleable if they were to put a few hairs in it. A commodity that is to be sold as butter should have all of butter's peculiarities.—[Small Talk.]

A new piece of music, entitled "I hear the Angels calling," has made its appearance in Boston. A wicked paragrapher says, "All right! let 'em take the pot. A pair of devils is the best we've got."

"What is to be done with the devil?" asks the Buffalo Express, and the *Hodge* replies, "If he is through taking profits let him distribute beer until it is time to go for the mill."

A plain man said: "Before my conversion, when I prayed in the presence of others, I prayed to them; when I prayed in secret, I prayed to myself; but now I pray to God."

Mosley is sick from over work. Newspaper men seem to be about the only persons who can stand the strain of incessant combat with the devil.

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[From an Eclectic Magazine of 1865.]

Urox a beautiful morning in the month of April, 1762, a little girl about eight years of age, and a boy about two years her junior, descended the vine-covered bank of Koschsee, at the foot of which murmured and flowed the pure and rapid waters of the river Mollau, which flows itself in the ancient forest of Bohemia. Instead of dancing on their path with all that lively gaiety so common to young people of their age, these two children held each other by the hand, and walked slowly along, with thoughtful brows, and downcast eyes, and the gravity of years stamped upon their faces; yet all the easy grace, candor, and simplicity of childhood were observable in their countenances and motions. Their dress announced the poverty of their condition. The little girl's robes were faded and worn while those of the boy were patched with cloths of different colors at both knees and elbows. Nevertheless, poor though they seemed, it was easy to be perceived that a kind and attentive mother had tastefully combed and braided their long, fair ringlets, and had washed their delicate hands, and linnhome, intelligent faces—thus investing poverty with its chiefest dignity and grace, that of personal cleanliness. They held in their hands each a large piece of bread, upon which from time to time they cast their eyes without venturing to eat. When they had reached the foot of the descent, and were about to seek shelter beneath the green boughs of the forest-trees, the little boy broke silence. "Did you remark, my sister," said he, with a sad voice, "in what manner our mother gave us our breakfast this morning, and how she sighed when I said, 'Nothing but bread again?'" "Yes, my brother," replied the little girl, shaking her pretty head and sighing, "she wept—I saw her tears, and her look, which seemed to say, 'There is even no more bread in the house, so you must be content. But wherefore do you weep?' And the little girl, suddenly melting into tears at the sight of her brother's emotion.

"I weep because you do so," replied Wolfgang, in his turn; and then he added, "I grieve, too, that I have not bread enough for my breakfast."

"Poor little thing," said his sister, kissing the tears from his eyes, and frowning him, as if she had been twenty instead of only two years his senior. "You are never without some great grief; but come, let us wander below the green spreading branches of the tall trees, and pluck the little flowers which peep from the clustered grass that grows beneath them; and you shall eat what bread you have, and we shall breathe our brows with blossoms, and forget that we are hungry."

As she spoke, Fredrika led her brother into the forest-path that skirted the margin of the Koschsee, and began to cull the wild blossoms from its banks, and to laugh in the fitness of the job, fir, and elm trees, and the golden sunbeams struggled through their openings, and fell upon the moss-grown stones, and fox-gloves, and trefoils, and ferns, that clustered by the river's side. The songs of the birds came echoing from the far recesses of the deep green wood, and fell upon the ears of the children like heavenly-animated harmonies, until the soul of the little boy was stirred within him, and his lip quivered with an unobscured emotion.

"Fredrika," said he, in a soft whisper, as he turned his large blue eyes towards those distant azure spots of the concave sky, which could be seen through the shady foliage over his head—"Fredrika," said he, as the flowers dropped from his hand, and his face assumed a devotional character, "what a sweet place this would be in which to pray!"

"True, my Wolfgang," said the child, struck by her brother's earnestness; but for what end to whom will we pray?"

"We shall pray for some means to make my mother smile oftener, and my father to seem less sad;—we shall ask that poverty may go from our dwelling-place, and leave us happiness instead;—and we shall pray to God, who dwells in the blue heavens which you see yonder through the dense leaves of the forest."

"And he will listen to us," said the little girl, joining her hands, and kneeling with pious simplicity upon the ground, while her brother bent down at her side. "My mother says that he always listens to the prayers of children who love their parents."

"My sister," said Wolfgang, after he had knelt some time in silence, "shall we address ourselves to our Lady of Loretto, or to the great St. John Nepomucene?"

is a prime attribute of childhood. The tender soul and tender frame alike cry for support and protection. "I said we are not in temptation," says the young feeble spirit, as it looks upward to the bright region from which it so lately came, and forward on the dark world which it yet scarcely knows. "Give us each day our daily bread," cries the body, as it bends its knees upon the sward. Prayer, so profitable during all ages, is a necessity of childhood, and the act of it is one of infancy's most holy aspects. As the little boy and girl knelt upon the soft grass, and uttered their sweet filial aspirations, the sunbeams fell upon their closed eyes and spiritualized features, as if they loved so to do; and the eyes of a man who was concealed by the dense foliage which surrounded the spot where they knelt, shone on them too, with such an expression as an angel might wear, if it listened to such silvery voices. The man was of lofty, noble stature; his countenance was mild and benevolent, and his dress was rich but simple. He stood silent and thoughtful, and leaned upon the tree behind which the lovely children knelt.

"St. John of Nepomucene, direct us how we may assist our parents," said the little boy, rising from his knees, and assisting his sister to do so also.

"We have finished our prayers, then, Wolfgang," said Fredrika, as she knelt her brother's side.

"And we have discovered the means for which we have prayed," exclaimed the boy, interrupting her, while his face lighted up with joy, and his bright eyes sparkled with hope. "I knew that we should discover some way of assisting our parents."

"And what way have you discovered, our wise Wolfgang?" cried Fredrika, laughing.

"Has not our mother over and over again told us that we were good children?" said the boy with sweet naivete, "and has not our father often declared that you could sing, and that I could play well upon the piano?"

Now, we shall rise some fine morning," said the child, with a serious air, "and we shall take each other's hands, and we shall wander far away over green plains, and by hedge-paths and rivers, until we discover, on our route, some stately castle; and you shall sing, and I shall play upon the piano, and the rich folks of the castle shall give us gold. Fredrika," said the wrap, dreaming boy, while his little breast heaved with the earnestness and fullness of his feelings, and his eyes shone as if with an inspiration, "I shall make the piano tremble with the most enchanting airs, till every body who listens to it shall tremble too; and then they shall embrace thee and me, and shall give us pearls, and jewels, and linnhome; but I shall say we will have none of these—give us money, I pray you, that we may carry it to our father and mother."

"Ah, what a dreamer thou art," cried the little girl, as she embraced the enthusiastic child, and kissed him.

"But more than that, sister," continued the castle-building infant, with a profusion of expression and ideality, uncommon in one so young—"more than that, sister," he cried, as he embraced her, "the king shall hear of us, and shall send an envoy for us; and he shall give to me a silken tunic, and to thee a robe of satin, and we shall go to the royal palace, amongst beautiful ladies, with lustrous robes, feathers, gold, and jewels; and I shall sit at the piano—a looking-glass with silver peddle, and notes of pearls and diamonds; and we shall play till the court is ravished with our music, and then we shall be crowned and embraced, and the king shall demand of me what I wish; and I shall answer, 'what the king pleases,' and then he shall give me a castle, and shall send for my father and mother."

A burst of laughter interrupted the recital of the bold young pianist, who, looking fearfully first at his sister and then quickly from side to side, perceived the stranger, who had listened in his concealment to every word which had been uttered; and now, seeing that he was discovered, he approached the children with a smiling countenance, explaining, "Do not be afraid, my children; I am not here to alarm you; I have sent me as an envoy to you." The innocent children looked in each other's faces at these words, and then they gazed upon the pretentious messenger.

"Ah, well, so much the better," cried the boy; "if you are his envoy, you have done what I wish, I hope."

"No, no," said the stranger, sending himself upon the trunk of a tree, and placing Wolfgang and his more aged and more thoughtful sister before him, "I shall only grant what you desire upon condition that you answer me truly the questions I shall ask you; and I shall know if you lie."

"I never lie," said the little boy proudly.

"I shall see whether you do not," said the stranger, smiling, and putting him on the head. "What is your father's name?"

"Leopold Mozart," said the boy, bowing. "He is chapel-master, and plays upon the violin and piano, but oftener the violin."

"And does thy mother still live?"

"Yes, she does," said Wolfgang, smiling, "and a dear mother is mine."

"How many children are there of you?" continued the stranger, in an interested manner.

The little boy shook his head, as if he did not know, and remained silent, while his sister, tinking up the world, modestly replied, "We are seven in all, but two only remain, my brother and I; the others have all died."

"And your father is very poor, my dear child?" said the stranger, in a kindly tone, to the little girl.

"Ah, yes, very poor," she exclaimed, while the tears started into her eyes. "Look," said she, holding up the piece of bread which yet remained unshared, "that is all the bread that we had in the house this morning, and when my mother gave it to us she bade us to go to the fields and eat it, for it grieved her to see us here so poorly."

"Four children," said the stranger, with lively emotion, "where do your parents dwell?"

"Above there, upon the hill, sir, to that little house whose roof you can perceive from where we stand," replied Wolfgang.

"That house belongs to Disceck, the musician, I know," said the stranger, looking upward in the direction pointed out by the children. "And now tell me," he continued, while he patted their cheeks and smiled to them, and at the same time wiped a tear from his eye—"tell me what you demand of the great Nepomucene, when I saw you praying a little ago."

"That we might discover the means of gaining money, and assisting our parents," said the little girl, quietly; "and my brother declares that he has discovered those means, although I much fear that he has not."

"If Wolfgang is able to play well upon the piano, as he said, his idea can be put in operation," said the stranger, smiling, "and I can aid him."

"My brother is only six years of age," said the little girl, looking fondly on the boy, "but he can compose very beautiful pieces already, my father says."

"Compose, and he so young!" cried the astonished envoy of the great St. John, as he looked half-doubtfully on the child.

"Are you astonished at this?" said Wolfgang, laughing, and holding up his pretty head. "Ah, well, come to our house, and you shall see."

The stranger bent his head, reflected for a moment, and then said in a half-serious, half-jocular way, "My dear children, the great Nepomucene, wills that you now return to the home of your parents, remain there all day, and before evening comes you shall hear some news." The stranger was retiring, after speaking these words, when the lively little Wolfgang caught him by the skirts of his tunic, and exclaimed, "One word, sir. My sister Fredrika did not tell you that we prayed that Nepomucene might send a dinner to my mother—might he not send it, then, sir, today?" and the boy looked archly at the envoy.

"Your mother may depend upon it," said the stranger, laughing. "Is there any thing else he can send to yourselves?"

"Nothing, sir," cried the lively children in one breath, as they clasped each other's hands, and set out for home; "we wish but happiness to our father and mother."

The home of Leopold Mozart, which stood upon the hill of Koschsee, and overlooked a lovely landscape of cultivated fields, and dense forest, and rolling river, was not a very great house, nor was it superbly finished. One large apartment served as many purposes as the solitary subject of the Grand-duchess of Hesse Darmstadt, who was army, police, and court, and peasant, and "organization of labor," all in his own single person. The principal chamber of Leopold Mozart's home served for kitchen, dining-room, and parlor. On one side was a lofty chimney, with steep-pews suspended in the inside thereof; the other side was occupied by a piano, over which, suspended from the wall, hung a violin. In the centre stood a table of black wood, and surrounding it were several seats formed of straw. As the children entered the humble apartment, they were met by a young woman, whose neat and clean appearance bespoke industry and order, but whose face was indicative of anxiety and care. "And wherefore are you so soon returned, my children?" said she, embracing Wolfgang and Fredrika.

"Hilte! Wolfgang and Fredrika returned so early from the fields," exclaimed a man at the same time, who had just followed them into the house, and whose handsome form, intelligent features, and easy carriage and language, but ill-reconciled with his humble threadbare raiment; "and what curious sights have you seen this morning?" he repeated, fondling the boy.

"Curious enough, I tell you, my dear father," cried the lively child. "We saw the messenger of John Nepomucene; and what a messenger! He had such a figure as you see in a picture, and the air of a king."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

"Why don't you look where you are going?" said one blind man to another, as they ran against each other on the street in New York the other day. A bystander prevented them from coming to blows by explaining the situation.

The Diary of a Female of the Future.

Monday.—Just as I had settled my household work for the day I was called away to serve on a jury, and had to remain in the Law Courts until the evening.

Tuesday.—Some riots having taken place in our neighborhood, was forced to act as a special constable. I paraded the streets all day long in a state of constant alarm.

Wednesday.—Received a letter from my friend Susie, who has heard that the militia are to be called out. Visited her, and discovered that women, as citizens, are now liable to military service.

Thursday.—Had to attend an inquest as a coroner's juryman. A very unpleasant duty indeed, as it was held upon a man who had committed a most horrible crime.

Friday.—Having failed to obey the orders of a county court judge, was locked up in prison for contempt. I owe this scrape to the extravagance of my husband—a man who will buy hats and coats, and who will not work for our living.

Saturday.—In deep tribulation. The governor of the state is a female, and, as a matter of course, favors the male prisoners. Asked for a book, and was furnished with a work upon Roman Law. Cried myself to sleep over a passage which told me that no citizen could obtain the privilege of a citizen without accepting a citizen's duties and responsibilities. Oh, why did I give up the privileges of a real woman for the miseries of a mock-maid!—[From Punch.]

A Genealogical Riddle.

Some time ago there lived in Georgia, a man. This man married, and further, he married a woman. The issue of this marriage was three children, mostly boys and girls, rather mostly boys and one girl. But this man and his wife were divorced, and they both married again, but they didn't marry each other. The man, true to his former habits, married another woman, and by this woman he had three or four children, and then in course of time he died. After his death, about a year ago, his eldest son by his first marriage married the man's second wife, now his widow. Now, the question is, what relation is this son to himself and to his relatives? He is his wife's stepson, and his father-in-law's grandson, his brother's step-father, and his cousin's uncle; his sons will of course be nephews of his brothers, who are, however, his stepsons, hence he will be his own children's grandfather, and he is his own step-father, and of course his own step-son, and when he dies his relatives will be puzzled to know what to put on his tomb-stone.

NOVELTIES IN PAPER.—When the usefulness of compressed paper for railway wheels was demonstrated, two or three years ago, people asked, "What next?" The question can now be answered. The latest use of paper appears to be for chimney-pots. They are made in Dresden, and are light and durable. Before the paper pulp is moulded and compressed into the required shape, it is treated with chemicals which render it non-inflammable. Specimens of paper and cloth made from the California cactus were recently exhibited before the Maryland Academy of Sciences. The cactus grows abundantly in many of our Western States and Territories, and it is found on arid soil where nothing can be cultivated. The success that has been met with in making paper from this plant is so marked that the business will probably be attempted on a large scale.

HOW MUCH CLOVER SEED.—A great variety of rules prevail in sowing the seed of clover. Some farmers think three quarts sufficient for an acre, others ten quarts. From such a great variety of rules it must be evident to all that some of them are entirely out of the way, either wasting seed or losing the use of their land for a full crop. I recommend four quarts to the acre of the large kind of clover, which, evenly sown, puts sixty-seven seeds on every square foot. That must make it thick enough if it is taken care of, and if it is neglected it is enough to be thrown away for nothing. It should always be left on the surface or rolled in.

Gottlieb I say, sir, can you tell me where Mr. Swackhammer, the preacher, lives? Gottlieb—You must walk the road up to the brook and turn to the right over the stream. Den you shall see you till you come to a road what cuts the woods around a school house; but you don't take that road. Well, you go on till you meet a pig barn, shingled with straw, then you turn down around the field, and go till you come to a pig red house all speckled over with vine, and do not go up stair, but do take the black, then ask the man who you see, which way you comes next. You make de beppes shoo then?

A newly invented ear for testing the strength of bridges is to be used in Connecticut. It contains an immense tank filled with water. In case the bridge gives signs of weakness the movement of a lever opens the sides of the tank, and the water instantly pours out and relieves the bridge of 80 tons weight.

DESTROYING STUMPS.—My method is to bore with an inch nuger two or three holes in the top of the stump eight or ten inches deep. In each hole put a little sulphate of copper (blue vitrol,) about an ounce to the stump, pour in a little water and plug the hole tight, so as to keep the rain from washing out the liquid. In an incredibly short time the stump will be rotten. Some stumps are very tenacious of life, and will continue to sprout around the outside long after the center has rotted away. To get rid of this sprouting, pour fish or meat brine around the stump in dry weather during the summer. One application of brine will be sufficient. If fish or meat brine cannot be had, make a strong brine by dissolving salt in boiling water. It will require a little more of the latter brine poured round the stump than either of the former.—[Correspondent Country Gentleman.]

Two years ago a drover started from California with 1,000 sheep. He has just arrived in Texas, having driven the flock all the way, assisted by two well-trained dogs. The sheep have increased in numbers, and frequent inquiries for pasture have kept them in great condition. They are intended for the Eastern market.

MARKETS.

St. Louis.
The local market continued quiet. The retail prices for provisions, as follows: Lard, 10c; Butter, 12c; Eggs, 15c; Chickens, 10c; Turkeys, 15c; Beef, 10c; Pork, 12c; Mutton, 10c; Lamb, 10c; Veal, 10c; Fish, 10c; Fruit, 10c; Vegetables, 10c; Canned goods, 10c; Dry goods, 10c; Clothing, 10c; Shoes, 10c; Hats, 10c; Trunks, 10c; Bags, 10c; Boxes, 10c; Caskets, 10c; Coffins, 10c; Undertaking, 10c; Funerals, 10c; Burials, 10c; Graves, 10c; Cemeteries, 10c; Churches, 10c; Schools, 10c; Hospitals, 10c; Asylums, 10c; Prisons, 10c; Gaols, 10c; Jails, 10c; Courts, 10c; Houses, 10c; Farms, 10c; Plantations, 10c; Mills, 10c; Factories, 10c; Workshops, 10c; Sheds, 10c; Barns, 10c; Stables, 10c; Kennels, 10c; Piggeries, 10c; Poultry houses, 10c; Greenhouses, 10c; Nurseries, 10c; Gardens, 10c; Parks, 10c; Cemeteries, 10c; Churches, 10c; Schools, 10c; Hospitals, 10c; Asylums, 10c; Prisons, 10c; Gaols, 10c; Jails, 10c; Courts, 10c; Houses, 10c; Farms, 10c; Plantations, 10c; Mills, 10c; Factories, 10c; Workshops, 10c; Sheds, 10c; Barns, 10c; 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